

V E R S E S

A T T H E L A S T

PUBLICK COMMENCEMENT

A T

C A M B R I D G E.

Written and Spoken by Mr. E U S D E N.

*Non ego mordaci distrinxi carmine quenquam,
Nulla venenato litera mista joco est.* Ovid.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Tonson, at *Shakespear's-Head* over-
against *Catherine-street* in the *Strand*. 1714.

V E R S E S

AT THE LAST

PUBLICK COMMENCEMENT

AT



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Written and Spoken by Mr. E. D. M.

Non est melius diffinitio carmine quodammodo
Nulla canentis in eam witha loco est.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N

Printed for J. D. M. by J. D. M. 1777

V E R S E S

SPOKEN AT THE LAST

Publick Commencement at Cambridge.

HAIL, *British Fair Ones*, who in Silence sit,
 And fancy, all you know not, must be Wit,
 Who own your Ignorance in *Roman Books*,
 Yet judge of *Roman Eloquence* by Looks;
 Unknown, in *Latin*, we your Fame might wrong,
 But who dares taint you in your native Tongue?
 A secret Truth at first must be confest,
 We *Students* are too grave, or dull to jest.
 An *English* Jest such Jealousies can raise,
 We *Puppet-Shows* receive, and banish *Plays*.
 Ev'n here, the *Tragick Muse* is thought unchaste:
 Well may learn'd *Oxford* boast a happier Taste.
Andromache, there, sheds a guiltless Tear,
 And *Mourning Brides* without a Blush appear.
 Brave *Antony* may own Love's Power Divine,
 Indulge his Passion, and the Globe resign.

Great *Cæsar*, there, has fall'n with decent Pride,
And greater *Cato*, more than once, has dy'd.

But here, the Scene is chang'd to trifling *Shows*,
A *German* juggles Tricks, and flits his Nose.
No more the *Salamander's* Coldness name,
That only lives in, but this breaths out Flame.
Another glorious Sight, a second Call;
A Man too little, or a Man too tall.
Observe what Crowds the hideous Artist draws,
Who *Postures* scrues, that start from Nature's Laws.
The lovely Image, Heav'n had stamp'd, is fled,
And fair Humanity deform'd for Bread.
To *Africk's* wild Inhabitants you run,
And meet those Monsters, which the Wise should shun.
Mix'd with the sprucest *Bands*, bright *Celia's* shine,
And shoot more Darts, than Quills the Porcupine.
Here, *Indian* Otters, and white Owls you see,
With tawney Lions in dumb Majesty:
There, the dead Tortoise forms a spacious Boat,
In which Miss *Venus* us'd of old to float.
From Sciences we solemnly repair
To Ropes, and Fiddles, and a bounding *Fair*.

With

With such a graceful Mien, so strong a Spring,
 The Nymph still rises from the quiv'ring String,
 That the swift Motion our kind Thoughts improve,
 And Paint her flying on the Wings of Love.

Feats of Activity, till these, unknown,
 And yet not all her wond'rous Feats are shown.
 Close by degrees Philosophers advance,
 Glote on the Dancer, but still praise the Dance.

Our *Alma Mater* promises Relief,
 She can allay the Pain, or sooth the Grief:

Enamour'd *Strephons*! chuse you as you please,
 Cool Grotto's, purling Streams, or willow Trees.

Or if your Vapours rage not too severe,
 E'en Dancing Dogs, and Three-leg'd Cats are here,
 And *Punch* is merry twice at least a Year.

Now let th' unpointed Satyr gently note
 Th' Enormity of each vast *Petticote*.

Sometimes *the Muses*, languishing, might droop,
 But bashful *Clio* never wore a *Hoop*.

O! had *Diana*, on the wood-land Green,
 Entrench'd her Females in this odd Machine,
 With Pleasure she had heard th' affrighted Boar
 Rustle in Silks, and pierc'd with Whalebone roar.

B

Her

Her Nymphs, unknown, had drove an am'rous Trade,
 Brisk *Atalanta* had no Gambols play'd,
 But, like *St. Whinyfred*, been still a Maid.

The Weak, th' Afflicted, kindly *Hoops* befriend,
 And injur'd Virtue gen'rously defend,
 While, widely spread, with tutelary Care,
 They cheat the World, and skreen the Pregnant *Fair*:
 Or else some *Literati* might have shown,
 All are not Saints, nor Eunuchs in a Gown,
 And had long since lost *Fellowships* deplor'd,
 Who still glare *Rev'rend* on the *Butt'ry-board*.

Hoops were at first a *Pagan* Innovation,
 Tho' now most us'd in the most *Christian* Nation.
 Fame says, a Critick, for vast Depths renown'd,
Secret Memoirs of Ithaca has found;
 Those musty Rolls no wond'rous Truths declare,
Penelope was not so Chaste, as *Fair*.
 She, for State-reasons, was the first Beginner
 Of *Hoops*; a fly, discretionary Sinner!
 What! tho' She heath'nish swell'd about the Waste,
The Silken Umbrage still proclaim'd her chaste.
The Prude in Sun-shine sicken'd at a Spark,
 But was a very Woman in the Dark.

Virtue's

Virtue's strict Rules she readily could teach,
 But to walk by 'em, was beyond her Reach;
 You know, 'tis hard to Practise, what you Preach.
 This the true Meaning of the Web is thought,
 The Night unravell'd, what the Day had wrought.
 Hence Adages of endless Toil begun,
 A Woman's Work, *Grave Sirs*, is never done.
 With proper Furniture she grac'd the Room,
 Here the soft Couch was spread, there stood the Loom.
 Fine Linnen she admir'd;—well! where's the hurt?
 She wove for each new Lover a new Shirt;
 Nay, and more Presents made, (her Zeal was such)
 Than here are *Wou'd-be-Wits*;—You'll say, that's much.
 Supply'd with *Piquet-Friends*, it plain appears
 The Lady might live out full twenty Years.
 Perhaps she wept too at her Lord's Return,
 And then, then only had just Cause to Mourn.
 Good Man! he went dissatisfy'd away,
 But feign'd a Madness first, in hopes to stay:
 He had been mad indeed, unforc'd, to roam,
 And leave so beautiful a Wife at home.
 Tell me, *ye Learn'd*, is it not too presuming
 To trust a Creature with her self, when blooming?

Some

Some softer Minutes may the Best surprize,
Women are Flesh and Blood, and Men have Eyes.

Unnumber'd Scenes of various Dangers past,
The virtuous Husband safe return'd at last:
 Heedless I call'd him *Virtuous*, — O! for shame!
 Adulterers deserve another Name.
 His boasted Purity receiv'd a Spot,
Telegonus he *rakeishly* begot.
 With stronger Charms, he the fam'd Charmer won,
 And boldly clasp'd *the Daughter of the Sun*.
 If this were all, I dare be positive,
 Some of you, *Ladies*, could *one Slip* forgive:
 But much I fear, he stay'd not (may be thought)
 With *Queen Calypso*, Six whole Years, *for nought*.
 By other Slanderers he seems bely'd,
 They fancy, he took Freedoms with *his Guide*;
His Guide was *Pallas*: — judge you, if he cou'd!
 She was too Chaste, — in *English plain* — too Proud.
 Besides, tho' all Divine in every Feature,
 The Goddess was no very tempting Creature.
 She read him serious Lectures, but alas!
 She never told *the Cuckolds* what he was.

I guess, you, *Fair Ones*, by your Smiles enclin'd
 To think, his *Madam* paid him in his kind.
 Howe'er 'twas happy for their Nuptial Vows,
 He grew not jealous of his faithless Spouse.
 But who *her Peccadillo's* could discover?
 Each Gallant prov'd an honourable Lover.
O Ladies! now how alter'd quite the Case is?
 How few deserve to be in your *good Graces*?
 The Scandal-mongers in Confusion ceas'd,
 Lessen'd their Noise, as *Petticoats* encreas'd.
 No busie Tongues could tell her *curious Elf*,
 And she had Prudence not to tell her Self.
 Poor *Lyfsey* found the Fate of modern Men,
 And was still bubbl'd by his own dear *Penn*.

From *Greecian* Tales 'tis easie to digress
 To *British Cynthia's*, in *Laconick* Drefs.
 Their happy Elegance of Taste is seen
 In Stockins purple, and in Garters green.
 The well-turn'd Shoulder is disclos'd, to move
 And feed the Sight with Avenues to Love.
 When *Phæbus* ran young *Daphne* to embrace,
 His Passion glow'd, and heighten'd in the Race.

Immodest Winds her tender Limbs reveal'd,
 And Beauties show'd, which Innocence conceal'd.
 Still as she turn'd, her Snowy Neck he view'd;
 No wonder, if his Godship had been rude.
 A *naked Prospect* wantonly inspires
 Our beardless Novices with strange Desires.
 Where will you stop?—Already we can see
 Below the Bosom, and above the Knee.
 If from your Heads and Feet such Dangers rise,
 Ah! whither, whither shall I point my Eyes?
 When you kill *Sages*, those you kill by Chance;
 O'er heaving Breasts with Caution still they glance:
 But sanguin *Fresh-men*, indiscreetly warm,
 Dwell with their Eyes, and suck in ev'ry Charm.
 Thus *Egypt's Queen*, a speedier Death to bring,
 Prest close *the Serpent*, and enjoy'd the Sting.
 Who first saw *Basilisks* with speckl'd Pride,
 Gaz'd on their Spots, but as he gaz'd, he dy'd.

Chang'd is the Mode from that of former Days,
 Ladies receiv'd no Visits *without Stays*.
Eliza's Dames of Honour took no Snuff,
 And Husbands only peep'd beneath the *Ruff*.

In Fashions still the Diff'rence was as great,
 Ere *Nuns* were banish'd from this *sacred Seat*.
 When charitable *Monks* could grant, with Ease,
 A License for all *Pagan* Liberties.
 When squeamish Consciences gave no Restraint;
 For Gold a Sinner might *commence* a Saint:
 A Happiness much wanted in our Times:
 The Crimes of Love were constru'd Venial Crimes.
 Then *Barnwel-Virgins* might securely rove,
 Unharm'd, tho' rifl'd in the neighb'ring Grove.
 No *Proctor's Staff* yet walk'd its awful Round,
 Nor Mid-night *Purple* startl'd at the Sound.
 Ere *Sunday-Nymphs* on *Clare-Hall-Piece* were seen,
 Or *Coffee-Booths* aspir'd on *Jesus-Green*.
 Ere *Covent-Garden* Mistresses came down,
 And taught the Youths to *tympanize* the Town.
 Ere *Sophs* had learnt with Humms the Pit to fill,
 Or *Beaux* to flutter round the *Market-Hill*.

Alas! our *Beaux* but flutter here awhile,
 They part, and longing *Laundresses* beguile.
 Rich Heirs our humble Colleges forget,
 And launch into the Vices of the Great.

From

From Tutors freed, to *Inns of Court* they run,
 And fashionably learn to be undone.
 A skittish *Chloe* costs (nor think her dear)
 A splendid Brace of Hundred Pounds a Year.
 Besides, expect a frequent, sad Complaint
 For Watches, Rings, and Silks,----but never, Paint.
 Th' *Athenian Orator*, who lean'd to Vice,
 Found *Lais'* Beauties bore too high a Price.
 For a full Loose to Joys, the niggard Soul
 Bad but a solitary, *Greek Pistole*.
 Not *Virgin-Danaë* alone was sold
 With dext'rous Cunning for a Show'r of Gold;
 Nor did a Husband's Shape *Alcmena* move,
 She yielded to a second, golden *Jove*:
 While the fly God for one Night did agree,
 And then for Cheapness stretch'd that one to three.

Now change the Hand, and diff'rent strike the Lyre;
 How reigns *Apollo* in this *tuneful Choir*?
 Our Wits, who most harmoniously Compose,
 Drink not at *Helicon*, but at the *Rose*.
 If circling Years new *Dividends* account,
 I quit all Claim to the *Pierian Mount*.

What

What would rich *Misers* give for the Command
Of barren Provinces in *Classick* Land?

Why! just as much (a *Soph* would answer soon)

As for ten thousand Acres in the Moon.

My Lawrel'd Hopes I willingly resign,

Give me but *Flavia*----take the tuneful *Nine*.

Where am I by uxorious Fancies led?

We *Fellows* want the Privilege to wed.

Have no kind Creatures Charity in store

For those, who by Necessity are poor?

The *Cambridge-Wives* maliciously agree

To keep our *Doctors* Maids, till Sixty Three.

They still might sate their lawful *Dears* with Bliss,

Yet spare an elemosynary Kiss.

Indulge my Youth, and cure me of Love's Blindness,

For Pity take me, kill me----but with Kindness.

You would be mov'd, if you my Virtues knew,

I can be Happy, and be Secret too.

Some may their Favours from *Parnassus* boast,

My *Muse* shall ever be a *British* Toast.

A Smile from *Flavia* can secure Renown,

Tho' *Polyhymnia* and her *Sisters* frown.

x Dr. Mops

D

If

If e'er I gain'd, I gain'd from Beauty, Fame,
 It rais'd my Numbers, and inspir'd my Flame.
 This Truth allow'd, I logically thence
 Draw but one sweet, material Consequence;
 With me *No Fair* her Reputation loses:
 A Poet sure may toy with all the *Muses*.
 Oft her *Catullus* *Lesbia* entertain'd,
 And tender *Ovid* his *Corinna* gain'd.
 Still *Saccharissa*'s Pride all Tongues upbraid,
 Who own'd no Musick, tho' a *Waller* Play'd.
 But in his Strength of *Genius* few excell;
 We praise you faintly, till you use us well.
 By you disdain'd, we stretch a feeble Wing,
 Approv'd, we boldly soar, and sweetly sing.
 So in long Droughts, with no kind Moisture fed,
 The sick'ning Lilly languishes its Head:
 But if the friendly Skies indulgent pour
 On Earth's parch'd Bosom a soft, genial Show'r,
 The faded Leaves their youthful Bloom regain,
 And a new Brightness smiles around the Plain.

F I N I S.